

## The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY  
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EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher  
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.  
Published Every Evening (Including Sundays) by the  
Washington Times Company, Munsey Building, Pennsylvania Ave.  
Mail Subscriptions: 1 year (Inc. Sundays), \$7.00, 3 Months, \$1.75, 1 Month, 50c.  
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1917

### Judge Gary and the Liberty Bond



JUDGE E. H. GARY.

The Steel Company Under His Direction Subscribed for Ninety-three Million Dollars' Worth of Uncle Sam's Securities.

If you see in Washington a man looking like this picture, you see the head of the biggest industrial concern in the world, the United States Steel Corporation that manufactures more iron and steel than all the combined plants of the German empire. And it does all the work, not part of it, from the ore in the ground to the highly finished products—plates for battle-ships, fabricated painted steel skeletons for skyscrapers.

The interesting thing about Judge Gary just now to the public is the fact that the big corporation over which he presides as chairman of the board is the largest individual subscriber to the Liberty bonds in the United States.

In the first issue, the United States Steel Company, through Judge Gary, bid for fifty millions of Liberty bonds, and on the second issue, for forty-three millions, a total of ninety-three millions.

This might be called a "substantial" offer to assist in the national enterprise across the water.

It is known that before the United States entered the war, the United States Steel Corporation, in spite of constant urging, declined to organize on an ammunition making basis. The company could have made gigantic profits, had it chosen to neglect the country's regular industry of iron and steel, and make itself a specialist in ammunition for foreign countries. But this was not done.

It was said on behalf of the United States Steel Corporation that if the United States got into the war, all the resources of the steel company would be concentrated on United States business. Meanwhile the company went along in the usual way.

Congress will observe that when this war ends, an important part of its work will be to study the "after the war problem" of American industries.

Many American soldiers necessarily will be dead and crippled when the war ends. All the more reason why American industries should NOT be killed or crippled by unwise tariff legislation after the war, but ready and able to provide well-paid employment for all men released from the army.

What we have hitherto called GREAT industrial combinations will be as nothing after the war. For when the war ends, England will be ONE business enterprise, with the prime minister at the head of it, and no thought except TO PUSH ENGLAND and pass competitors—naturally and properly.

Germany, struggling to recover from the curse that she will have brought upon herself, will be one determined, relentless business competitor under government direction and encouragement—and so will all the European nations.

The United States must be ready, here and abroad, to go into business on the bigger scale, encouraging combination, co-operation, THE BIGGEST POSSIBLE UNITS, with proper protection for the public here at home, and EVERY protection for American industry against the competing industries of other countries.

The Germans will shoot some of our men. Let's hope that Congress will not shoot any of our industries.

### To Judge Lovett and Other Good Workers

Will You Consider a Suggestion Well-Meant?

Judge Lovett and other railroad men are working with complete earnestness and sincerity at the solution of the Government's transportation problem. We take it that they will not resent criticism if friendly.

Is it not possible, in moving freight cars, to make sure that as they move THEY CARRY A LOAD whenever that is possible?

For instance, we receive this information: Recently fifteen hundred empty freight cars were moved from upper New York State to Michigan, where they were delivered to the Pere Marquette road.

These cars, ENTIRELY EMPTY, were brought down through Washington, turned over to the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, and then sent, via Cincinnati, to the Pere Marquette—empty all the way.

They could have been sent by a much shorter road, via Buffalo, or via Niagara Falls through Detroit.

And starting so close to the coal lands in Northern Pennsylvania they could have taken with them SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND TONS OF COAL to the West or HERE to Washington.

In this period of conservation, there should be some way to avoid hauling fifteen hundred EMPTY cars a thousand miles. Seventy-five thousand tons of coal that could have been carried to Western States or to this city by these empty cars would have been welcome.

Is there not lack of co-ordination somewhere?

## Keeping The Home Fires Burning

By Raemaekers



We'll done fellows! keep the home-fires bur-ning.

Raemaekers has put a new meaning into the words of the song the English Tommy sings in France. But as soon as American aeroplanes, loaded with dynamite,

begin to fly over German cities there will be "home fires" in earnest and the Kaiser will know that the end of his reign is in sight.

## Elizabeth Jordan Writes on the Folly of Brooding

Dear Miss Jordan:

For reasons which I will not go into, I've got to start life all over again. I've got to make a new record, on a clean slate. Fortunately, I am still young and I'm alone in the world. No one else shares the struggle with me.

Will you give me some advice, and wish me good luck? It is S. I. DEED, I do wish you good luck, R. S.—and I wish you more than that. I wish you pleasant adventures by the way, and, in the end, the kind of success that is worth while.

If I were a good fairy, I would give you three parting gifts—enthusiasm, courage, and faith.

Possibly you already have them. I hope you have. For, if you have, you are starting out on the most delightful sort of a journey in which the experiences by the way make the effort worth while, and the results are all "to the good."

As to the advice, here it is—and it pours forth joyously, for your situation stimulates one's interest.

Forget Everything In The Past But Lessons It Has Taught You.

First of all, don't be sorry for yourself. Whatever has happened in the past, however disappointing, disillusioning, or tragic your past may have been, remember only the lesson it holds for you.

Don't brood over what is gone; don't even regret it. Be too busy for brooding and regrets. They are useless things at all times, and there is absolutely no room for them in the baggage of a traveler.

So go forth buoyantly. Be an

When we confide to the day that offers no trial of our strength, no sense of new opportunities and adventures, then we have come to the real end of our lives—however long a time it may be before our friends send their floral offerings.

You have not reached that point. You are still young. Whether you fully realize it or not, you are full of hope. You know that life holds what you want. You know that it is for you to get it; to get it again if you have had it and lost it, or to get it at last if you have never had it yet.

If We Frown at Life, Life Frowns Back.

No doubt you have learned in your first experience that the harvest life offers you will be the result of the seed you put into it. Smile at life, and it smiles back; frown at it and it frowns in return; distrust it and it distrusts you.

Trust life—the pessimist to the contrary notwithstanding—and you become one of life's favorite children. So, to get back to our harvest, plant faith and enthusiasm, and energy and hope; plant good will and human sympathy and tolerance and forbearance; industry and honesty and love; and sooner or later these things will come back to you, with life's generous interest added.

They may not come at once. There may be years of failure of hope deferred. But in the end they will come. I have never known them to fail, when the right seeds were planted.

So go forth buoyantly. Be an

optimist and let the world know that you are one. So far as opportunities are concerned, the world never held greater opportunities in the army, in the navy, in business, in the arts, and in the professions.

Men who have rushed to the fighting front have laid down their work to go. This work must be carried on by others—by those who, for one reason or another, cannot go "over there."

If I were a man, R. S., beginning life again, my first journey would be "over there," if I could get "over there." And my first work would be done there, whatever might come later.

If, for any reason, I could not go, then my work here at home would be along the lines that help those who are fighting us. And here the possibilities are almost without limit.

A Catechism and A Rainbow of Promise.

Once, when I was a very small child, my little world suddenly fell to pieces. I don't remember now what caused the cataclysm. I only know that it took place. It was quite plain to me that I could never have another happy day.

When my world was blackest, my mother said:

"Why, my dear, wonderful things will happen to you yet. You will be perfectly happy—hundreds, perhaps, thousands of times."

I stared at her. The prophecy seemed incredible; but if she made it, it must be true.

"Do you really think so," I

asked. "Do you really, truly think it is possible that I can ever be happy again?"

"I'm sure it is," my mother said. "I am perfectly sure, I promise that you will be."

I dried my eyes and proceeded to be happy at once. As I was assured of happiness in the future, I saw no reason for further delay. I wiped my little slate and began life over.

It is a process I have repeated many times. It is a process we all go through, each unhappy soul fancying itself the only one, or, at least, the most afflicted.

We all wipe off our little slates and begin over, and we do it very often. Sometimes a single hour brings into our lives a change so great, so unexpected, that later the mere memory of it makes us gasp.

Sometimes we even have to begin over without wiping off the slate. We have to write our new record across the old, scrawled, imperfect one. Be glad, R. S., that your slate is clean.

Be glad, too, that you are young and that opportunities lie before you. Be glad that, some day, you too, will again be happy. For somehow, I feel very sure that you will be.

Be most glad of all, R. S., that the loneliness, also, will pass. Some day, at some turn of the road, perhaps near, perhaps far off, some one will join you and make the rest of the journey with you.

How do I know? I don't! But you will know, and she will know—and that is all that matters.

## Take a Soldier Riding

See What Roe Fulkerson Suggests. There's No Better Way to Dispose of an Empty Automobile Seat.

By EARL GODWIN.

Here is a movement started by a Washington man who is noted for bright ideas. It is a good thing and everyone ought to push it along. It is a plan to give the soldiers on the street a lift whenever you have a spare automobile seat and can take a fighter for at least a part of his distance. The man who suggests it is Roe Fulkerson. Here is his letter:

Soldiers, sailors, and marines are in town by hundreds, trying to see the city, trying to get from point to point without knowledge of the cars or streets. While the War Camp Community Service is agitating the question of entertaining soldiers there must be hundreds of automobilists who would be glad to carry the boys from place to place, take them for a spin around the Speedway, up Sixteenth street or out through the parks.

Of course, automobilists are not going to "crab" for uniformed guests, after the manner of the busy hired-car chauffeur. Therefore, the suggestion to place a sign on the private cars is a good one. Any automobilist who passes by a group of uniformed men waiting for a street car which is probably overcrowded already ought to stop and give the boys a lift. The uniform is an introduction both ways. No further formalities are necessary:

"Going my way? Get in."

Washington cannot do too much for its wartime guests. It should meet them with that hospitality for which this city and this section of the United States is noted. It should place a black mark against the name of any man who takes advantage of a uniformed fighter.

These soldiers and sailors are defending Washington. The idea suggested by Mr. Fulkerson is born of genuine courtesy and hospitality. It is entirely possible and extremely simple. If you have an extra seat and can give a lift to a man in uniform, do it. If you have spare time for your car and your chauffeur go a little further and give a soldier a real ride around the city.

## HEARD AND SEEN

ROLLA G. C. ONYUN, manager of the Musicians' Engagement Bureau, says the Health Office should be required to fumigate every house as soon as it is vacated, not allowing anyone to move in until the fumigation is complete.

I hope that before the Chamber of Commerce buys its good things for the soldiers' Thanksgiving dinner President A. LEPTWICH SINCLAIR will be able to get turkeys at less than sixty cents a pound.

I knew perfectly well that the MISTER JOHNNY FERRIS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION would have some prominent recruits, but I never guessed it would reach the White House.

But it does. RUDOLPH FORSTER, assistant secretary to the President, is a Capitol Hill boy, and says he has ridden for miles sucking pieces of ice on the back of JOHN R. FERRIS' ice wagon.

I only wish I knew where to get a green hat as good looking as SAM HART'S.

Here is a suggestion to the Safety First Association and to the police. MRS. MARY N. KIEFER thinks that we could protect our little folks by placing warning signs near school houses. "Run Slowly. Schoolhouse Ahead," or something similar.

I have had the same thing in mind for years, and I cannot understand why the officials do not place such signs. Other cities have them.

It is estimated that 4,825 people were bumped out of their automobile seats last week while riding on Newark street hill and hitting that bump in front of COMMISSIONER GARDINER'S house.

FRANK HOGAN will conduct his next political campaign with the removal of that bump as a plank in his platform.

One of the most interesting events I have ever attended was held in the parish house of ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH Saturday night. The REVEREND DOCTOR HERBERT SCOTT SMITH turns over that pretty hall to a hundred soldiers every Saturday evening and the people of the parish turn out and entertain the boys just the way the boys want to be entertained. Lovely music and "hot dogs" make up the bulk of the program.

This sort of thing is not limited to St. Margaret's. It's going on all over the country. But it is a splendid help toward beating the Kaiser. It shows the men we are with them.

JOHN L. WEAVER advises us to use soft coal. How about changing the name of the city to Pittsburgh? It would soon look like it.

Rotary Club members heard a most interesting explanation of the inside of the coal problem from F. M. FADELY last Friday. Too bad the Rotary Club press agent didn't get this story into the daily papers when the speech was made.

Seven more victims of Dead Man's Curve, on the Baltimore pike! When The Times printed my editorial, "Death's Highway," telling the truth about the Baltimore pike and the traffic thereon, I received three anonymous letters severely criticizing me. Scarcely a week has gone by before three men are killed and four severely hurt. When will State officials and automobilists take the proper pains to save lives!

## Mothers of Sons

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

MOTHERS OF Sons, Mothers of Sons,  
Do you hear the guns,  
The terrible guns that are bellowing death  
With every breath?  
Oh, why are you sending your precious ones  
To follow and feed the guns?

We are sending our sons to the hell of war To meet the duties we bore them for; The duty of doing what in their sight Seems just and right. The duty of helping the fainting souls To find new courage and gain their goals; And the duty of cutting before full grown The harvest of tares, by tyranny sown, And weeding its tangle of roots all out. So never again may a stalk of it sprout. Though our sons may fall and our hearts sup sorrow, We are helping the race to a fairer morrow. Life at longest, is here but a span, But endless the life of the spirit of man; And the growth of a soul through deeds of worth Is the aim and purpose of life on earth. Better die young for a cause or a creed Than to live a satisfied slave of greed. We counted the cost ere we told them to go, And the price we must pay, for their value we know. But down through the ocean of blood there runs A Gulf Stream of Love from the Source of the Sun, And whoever follows his highest thought Shall into God's harbor of peace be brought.

Mothers of Sons, Mothers of Sons,  
Friends or Enemies, Allies or Huns,  
God will take care of your precious ones.